Matt: Give me a break! They had to kiss three times. You'd think it's the end of the world. But I guess it's a big deal. Caleb, I think it was his first kiss. It was definitely Sadie's first kiss. But then even Millie and Finn had never kissed before. Actually though neither of the kisses were written in the script, so we kind of dropped that on them the day of and caused a major panic. But they did it. It was fun. I love it. You have to torture them a little bit. You know you've got to entertain yourself some way. And we have all these children who are just fun. I know exactly how to push their buttons at this point.

Can't wait to see what torture you have in store for them for next season.

Matt: Yeah, maybe some making out. That's the next step. I've already started teasing them about it.

125 curtidas

whatlieliesahead The Duffers are 12, I swear to god. (Thanks @calif0999 for the heads-up).

gotta raise a little hell by byzinha

Series: 20 prompts [6]
Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: F/M, Jane Hopper (Eleven), Time Jump, about a year after the finale of s02, careful with the cussing, more or less, now?, should we start tagging her as
Language: English
Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Mike Wheeler
Relationships: Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Eleven/Mike Wheeler
Status: Completed
Published: 2017-11-02
Updated: 2017-11-02
Packaged: 2022-04-02 01:54:42
Rating: Teen And Up Audiences
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 895
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

or the one where they were supposed to study

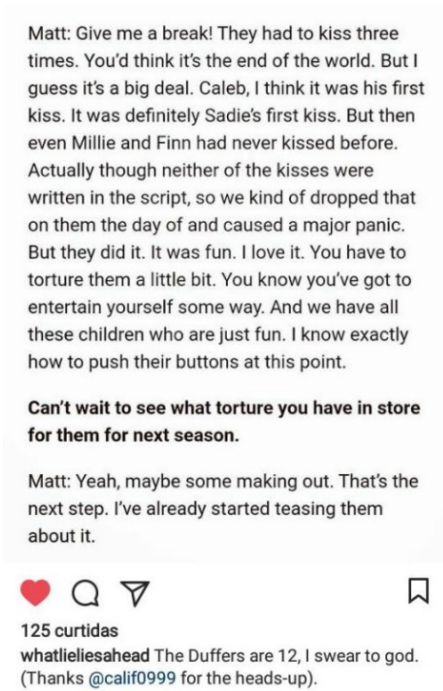
filling the prompt "You can lie to yourself, but you can't lie to me" requested by Mari

gotta raise a little hell

Author's Note:

- For love_resistance.

  First fic post-season 2! It was inspired by an interview of the Duffers where they say they'd include some making out in season 3 to torture the kids a tad more heh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  Did you want angst, Mari? Because you didn't get it. ¯_(ツ)_/¯

  I didn't proofread, so any mistakes, sorry!

  Stranger Things and its characters are not mine.

The school books were long forgotten as El tugged at Mike's shirt, the fan set to the max doing a poor job at keeping them cool. There was

no such a thing as "being cool" when they were together, and apparently, things got worse as the temperature rose in Hawkins.

They gasped for air, just a split second, and then were back at it again with the kissing, Mike's hands on the small of her back and under her shirt as they fell on the bed, El on her back, Mike on top of her, books being pushed aside blindly. She trailed kisses on his chin and down his jaw, all the way to his neck, her fingers tangled in his hair; and his hands trailed under her shirt following a baseball analogy that didn't quite make sense to him, but hey! Who cares, right?

It was not a wise decision to make out so feverishly in a hot spring day, mostly because they were supposed to be studying and it was also Hop's off day, but it'd been exponentially harder to keep their hands to themselves as time passed. They did spend almost a year apart, and now that they had all the time in the world, they couldn't help but make the best of it.

El's hands slid down Mike's back, ready to grab his ass, his fingers only a couple of inches from her breasts; she could feel the sweat starting to damp her hair as they kissed, the thickness of summer's approach in the air. As they kissed again and again - with salty lips and rosy cheeks, time seemed to suspend above their heads, playing with a notion of invincibility in their bones.

They could do anything.

Suddenly, a dry noise cut their flimsy strength and Mike was pushed by some hidden force to the other side of the bed, a book harshly shoved in his hands. He barely had time to blink before El was composed, yet breathless, across from him, staring blankly at a book that was upside down in her hands.

"El," Mike called equally breathless, but she shushed him. "The book!"

In the last second, she seemed to process what he said and the five or six steps that took for Hopper to go from the front door to her room were enough for them to look like nothing at all had been going on.

"Hi, Hop," El greeted cheerfully. "How's the garden working out?"

Tentatively, Mike lowered his book and looked back at Hopper, just to see that the Chief was frowning at them so intensely it sent chills down his spine. Know what else was not a good idea? Dating the Chief of police's daughter. Sometimes, Hopper could look as terrifying as El was, but when El was terrifying, she was also cute, and that… was something Hop couldn't be.

Mike gulped.

"Crappy, as expected," Hopper answered evenly, his glare lingering on Mike for *way* too long.

"I'll take a look at it later," El said, still being suspiciously cheerful. "I just need to finish this chapter of…" she frowned and looked at the cover of the book. "Jane Eyre first."

Hopper didn't say anything. He didn't say anything for what felt like ages. And then-

"Mike, go home."

"What?" El exclaimed, faster than him to answer. "*Why?*"

"Because you're not studying!"

"Yes, we are!"

"Bullshit!" Hopper replied sharply. Mike felt himself get smaller. It was hard to share such small space with two powerhouses. "You don't think I was your age? *You're not studying*. You're not even good a discipline, for starters."

"That's ridiculous, I'm *great* at discipline, I'm the most disciplined teenager of this whole town," El argued and Mike made a face. Hopper scoffed.

"You can lie to yourself, kid, but you can't lie to me," he said and pointed at Mike. "Or him. Seriously, who are you trying to fool?"

"Hop, come on."

"No, Mike is leaving."

"But-"

"I said no!"

"Twenty minutes!"

"Two."

"Fifteen."

"One and a half."

"Hopper, please! We're on a creativity voyage here."

"Dustin's arguments won't work on me."

"*Fuck!*" El complained under her breath looking down and Mike looked at her apologetically, ready to get up and start getting his things together to leave.

When she looked up at Hopper again, her whole posture had changed; her brown eyes were clear, with large pupils and she was pouting in a classic and incredibly efficient puppy face. If Mike listened closely, he could hear the exact moment Hopper's bravado broke into a million pieces.

"Fuck's sake," the Chief sighed. "Fifteen minutes."

"And I can walk him to the road?"

"No." And then after a couple of heartbeats… "Fine."

El smiled.

"You're the best!"

"Yeah, whatever," Hopper said stepping out of the room. "Punk ass kid."

Mike looked at El and they both smiled.

"Where did you learn that?" he asked and she shrugged.

"TV."

Impressed, he nodded leaving the book by his side on the bed. Wasn't El full of surprises?

Less worried about the well-being of her book, El just threw it away and practically jumped to Mike's arms, both of them more laughing than kissing as they dropped on top of all those school supplies on her bed.

"HANDS TO YOURSELVES!" Hopper shouted from the other room. Not that they really cared.

They were invincible.

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading! Comments are welcome!